

i saved you

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by [tommyinnitapologist](#)

Summary

Technoblade woke up for the first time in years without the voices in his head. It was tauntingly silent, a silence he wasn't used to. Where did the voices go?

(or Blood God! Tommy Au)

Notes

tw! injuries and blood
welcome back folks!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Techno sighed as he looked out into the horizon. There were a few mountains, some clouds, a bird flew by; it was peaceful. Four years had gone by since he and Phil blew up L'Manburg. Techno winced just thinking about the situation.

He never should have done it.

He was angry, he was hurt, he was lost in his own mind. It had cost him everything. Techno didn't know why Tommy did what he did, but he did it. Toward the end of the battle Tommy had run up to Techno, free of armor, and hugged Techno. Techno hadn't hugged back. He didn't hug back.

A block of TNT exploded from under them, throwing the two brothers away from each other. Techno had landed in water to prevent damage, Phil having thrown it for him. He immediately jumped up after landing. His brother wasn't wearing any armor. He wasn't wearing any fucking armor.

"Tommy!" Techno called, running across the crater that was now L'Manburg. The voices were silent, for the first time since Techno could remember they were silent.

Techno finally made it to the other side, eyes searching the horizon desperately. He was looking for a sign, any sign of his younger brother. His blonde hair would stand out in all the carnage, his voice could cut through any noise, his eyes-

"Techno! Stop!" Phil called after him, wrapping his arms around his eldest and yanking him back as another block of TNT exploded. Techno groaned as he hit the ground, ears ringing. He went to stand up, his vision wavering in and out.

"C'mon mate, we need to get out of here," he heard Phil say before everything went black.

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For the first time in his life, Techno awoke without the voices being the ones to do so. His head was so quiet it was uncomfortable, the only sound being his own internal monologue. He groaned as he sat up, the wound Techno assumed was on his stomach protesting against him.

He brought a hand to cover his stomach, holding it for comfort. He looked around, trying to figure out where he was. It was some type of small wood cabin, across the room from him was another cot with a body laying on it.

Techno stood up to go and look at the body, it was George. He was breathing, but he looked pale. Techno then saw the bandages tinted red wrapped around his stomach. Techno winced in sympathy for him.

"Mr. Blade? What are you doing? You're gonna rip your stitches!" Tubbo fretted, running in the room and leading Techno back to his bed. Techno chuckled at the younger. He had known Tubbo for years and despite how many times he told him Tubbo still referred to him as 'Mr. Blade'.

"What's going on Tubbo? Is everyone okay? Where are we?" He asked. Last Techno checked he was pretty sure he was on the opposite side as the kid, but now that he's thinking it through, he can't quite remember why he was so against the kid.

"The voices took over, you, Phil, and Dream rigged the entirety of L'Manburg with TNT. As

expected, everything was destroyed. You and George were the only major injuries. We all moved a few thousand blocks away from L'Manburg, we're near where Tommy stayed in exile. We agreed in a peace treaty. There will be no more fighting in the SMP. We're done,"Tubbo explained, checking Techno's wound. Techno nodded to signal that he understood. He tried to replay the sequence of events in his head, but he couldn't think of anything.

"Hey Tubbo, how's George doing?" Dream asked as he walked into the room. Dream seemed taken aback by the fact that Techno was up and awake. Techno felt his jaw clench. Techno was having trouble with his memories, but he clearly remembered his anger towards Dream.

Techno and his youngest brother didn't always get alone, but finding Tommy half dead in his cellar had erupted a different type of rage within him. The voices had chanted to protect him, to kill whoever did this to him. Tommy had eventually gotten better, but they- Tommy? Tommy?-

"Where's Tommy?" Techno gasped out, the memory of his brother being thrown away from him replaying in his mind. Techno looked back at Tubbo, who was now looking away from Techno, his cheeks flushed. He was looking back at Dream. Dream sighed, moving away from George's bedside to come and stand next to Tubbo.

"We have a lot to talk about, Techno," Dream said. Techno clenched and unclenched his fist, trying to keep calm in the face of the man who abused his brother.

Dream then explained to him how Techno and George had both been out for about a week. In that time they had found out that Dream was actually possessed by a demon. That's why he had been acting the way he had for the past six months. He sincerely apologized for the way he treated Tommy, begging for Techno's forgiveness.

Techno stayed silent, looking Dream in the eyes before speaking up, "where the fuck is Tommy?" Dream's jaw clenched, now unblocked by the mask. He sighed deeply and dropped his head.

"Techno. We-we haven't found his body. We looked everywhere. The TNT must've completely vaporized his body. He was extremely close to two of the blasts. He's gone," Dream told him. The world seemed to freeze. Techno could hear his own heartbeat, the damned voices still tauntingly silent. Techno looked toward Tubbo. The kid had tears rolling down his face.

"Has he had a funeral yet?" Techno asked. Dream shook his head.

"We were waiting for you to wake up," Tubbo choked out. Techno's heart clenched for the kid and he pulled him in for a hug. The kid in turn clenched onto him, sobbing into his shoulder. Techno did his best to comfort the kid. He wasn't the comforting type. The voices had never let him. They preferred blood over tears.

"There's a few more things you need to know, Techno. You should know them before you walk out of this room," Dream said once Tubbo finally disconnected from him. Techno was confused, what other news could there possibly be?

"When they were doing my exorcism, they decided to check you out as well since you had the Blood God-"

"Had?" Techno asked. Dream gave him a look that was chastising him for interrupting. Techno shut his mouth, feeling a flutter of panic arise in his chest.

"When they scanned for the Blood God, he wasn't there. He's gone," Dream said. Techno's mouth dropped open. He wasn't aware he could be separated from the Blood God. He and the Blood God

had been fused since Techno was a baby. He had always assumed he would live with him forever, then once Techno died the God would move on to some other poor soul.

“Is that why the voices stopped?” Techno asked. Dream nodded. Techno smiled, he was finally free.

“There’s one other thing you should know, Techno,” Dream started. But he was quickly interrupted by a tall figure bursting through the door.

“He’s up?” The figure panted, chest heaving as an obvious sign he ran here. Techno felt dizzy once he saw who it was.

“Ghostbur?” Techno asked. He was standing on the ground, having normal colored skin, and looking-well alive.

Wilbur smiled, relieved that his brother recognized him. He walked towards his bed, pushing Dream out of the way.

“I’m not ghostbur anymore. All flesh and bones right here,” Wilbur said. Techno smiled, relieved he wouldn’t have to deal with the overly positive ghost anymore. He pulled his twin in for a hug, vowing to never let anything bad happen to him again.

“C’mon, come see everyone. We’ve really got something nice going here,” Wilbur said as he helped Techno up.

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Tommy hissed in pain as he opened his eyes. Everything around him was red, and hot, god why was it so hot?

Tommy blinked the grogginess out of his eyes and tried to get his bearings. He didn’t recognize where he was. Last Tommy knew he was in L’Manburg-

“L’Manburg!” Tommy shouted, flying to his feet. Tommy was expecting pain. I mean he got exploded with two blocks of TNT, why was there no pain?

“Techno!” Tommy called out, looking around the red plain that surrounded him. He had ran to his brother, hoping to get through to him, instead he had gotten blown up.

“Phil!” Tommy called out, panic starting to overwhelm his rational thinking. He froze when he heard a脚步声.

“Neither of them will come, young one,” a deep voice spoke. Tommy turned towards the voice, stepping back from the figure. The man had a dark aura around him. He was in a dark grey suit, with his black eyes staring into Tommy. Tommy swallowed nervously, and went to grab his sword.

“You won’t find a sword. Dead people don’t carry weapons,” The man spoke. Tommy felt his eyebrows tense. He wasn’t dead.

“I’m not dead, idiot,” Tommy spat out, wanting nothing more than to punch this asshole in the face and get back to his friends. He went to step around the man, but found he couldn’t move.

“Look at yourself, boy. You died,” the man said. Tommy’s jaw clenched before looking down at himself. Tommy’s heart dropped. His feet weren’t even on the ground, his legs were see through, fading out at his feet. He brought his arm up to his face, seeing his translucent fingers.

“I-I died?” Tommy asked. The man nodded at him, a sad smile on his face. Tommy felt tears build up in his eyes. He was just trying to help his brother, make him forgive him, and now he was dead.

“But, you don’t have to be,” the man said, placing his hand on Tommy’s shoulder. Tommy looked up at him, confused. The man wiped a tear off of his cheek.

“Who are you?” Tommy asked. The man smiled at him, standing up straight.

“I don’t think you meant to do what you did. But, nevertheless it worked. You separated me from Technoblade. I need a new host now,” the man explained, arms behind his back as he paced around Tommy. Tommy’s breath stuttered.

“You’re the Blood God?” Tommy asked softly. The man looked back at him, his eyes flashing red. He gave Tommy a smile. Tommy would expect it to be sinister, with fangs, but instead it was warm. It reminded him of his father before he left, of Wilbur before he went crazy-

“So, what do you think,” the God asked him. Tommy snapped back to attention, sizing the God up.

“What do you mean?” Tommy asked.

“Merge with me, and you can live again. You and me, together as one. We can conquer whatever you want, destroy your enemies, there’s only one favor I ask in return,” the Blood God said to him, pausing his pacing in front of Tommy. His chest was puffed out, confidence oozing out of his pores.

“What’s the favor?” Tommy asked. The Blood God smiled at him, a drop of blood falling from his right eye.

“You’ll get urges every so often, calling, pleading for blood. You’ll have to listen, if you don’t they’ll consume you, leaving your own self trapped in your mind, leaving me to take over. Things tend not to go well when I get full control of a body. I mean, that is how you ended up here, Thomas,” the Blood God explained to him.

Tommy took a shuddering breath. He remembered the look in Techno’s eyes when he ran up to him, his eyes were crazed, red taking over the normal brown. Yes, Tommy had known what he was doing when he ran up to Techno without armor. He just didn’t think it would work.

Tommy was thinking about all the years Techno has suffered through the voices. How Phil used to have to hold him down in bed from attacking him and Wilbur. When Techno had killed nearly half a village before they had found him, how-

“Well, kid, what’s the answer? I’m sure it’s plenty fun down here, but I prefer the overworld,” the Blood God said, starting to walk away from him. Tommy watched as the God took more steps away, before calling out to him.

“Wait!” Tommy yelled. The God paused, turning back towards Tommy. He had a confident smirk, as if he knew Tommy would stop him. Tommy looked down at his feet, or lack of feet.

“What do I have to do?” Tommy whispered. The Blood God came back to Tommy, crouching down to be eye level with him. He put his finger under Tommy’s chin, raising his head to look him in the eye.

“Just say yes,” the God whispered. The God’s eyes filled with red, seemingly hypnotizing. Tommy stared back into them, feeling strangely comforted by the color. If he did this, Techno would never have to suffer again. Tommy could hide out in the mountains, making sure the world never had to

face the destruction caused from the Blood God ever again. His friends would be safe, his family would be safe-

“Yes.”

Chapter Notes

tw for death and blood

also if you can't tell im making all the time periods longer than a few months, so just try to go by ages of the boys

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Tommy set off to come live in the Dream SMP, Wilbur hadn't been happy. Phil and Techno had been off on some random adventure, leaving the two brothers home alone. Wilbur had been 16 at the time, Tommy being 12. Tommy had told him that Wilbur was okay to go hangout with Schlatt tonight. So, he went.

Wilbur was basically raising Tommy, he deserved a night off. He was enjoying his night with Schlatt, they drank a little, made sure to stay quiet for Tubbo, the usual. Then, as usual, his family ruined it.

“Wilbur Soot Watson!” A voice boomed from outside of Schlatt’s house. Wilbur swore under his breath, going to open the front door.

“Dad! Tubbo is sleeping!” Wilbur said. Phil nodded, but the angry look on his face stayed. His twin was standing behind Phil, looking a mix of smug and concerned.

“Where is Tommy?” Phil asked. Wilbur felt his heart drop. Tommy was supposed to be in his bed, asleep. If he wasn’t there, Wilbur didn’t know what he was going to do. He looked to Techno, hoping his father and brother were just joking. Tommy was asleep in his bed. He was.

“Because, according to this note he is currently in the Dream SMP. Which, last I checked, he was not a part of. So, what I’m hoping here is that you and him are simply playing a joke on us. He’s inside asleep with Tubbo right?” Phil asked, anger layered within his words. Wilbur froze, he could feel Schlatt behind him.

“He went to the Dream SMP?” Wilbur whispered. Phil sighed, his eyes shining with fury.

“You will write a letter to Dream, begging for you to be allowed into the land to watch over him. If anything happens to him, it’s on you,” Phil said before turning and walking away. Techno lingered for a moment, the twins just staring at each other. Wilbur scoffed in annoyance, going to shut the door in his brother’s face. It was quickly stopped by Techno’s hand.

“What was that for?” Techno asked, his annoyingly monotone voice piercing Wilbur’s skull. Wilbur whipped around to face his twin, anger hot and heavy in his chest.

“Both of you have the audacity to be upset with me about this. But, where are both of you everyday and everynight? You’re out! You’re in some random realm, fighting Prime knows what, for what? Are Tommy and I that miserable that neither of you can bear to be around us? You’d think that when a family loses a mother they would be closer together, instead, Dad picked favorites. He chose you over me and Tommy. So, yea I’m gonna go to the Dream SMP, and I’ll stay there. Phil chose his side, and now I’m choosing mine. Goodbye Techno,” Wilbur said, storming off to the

spare room in Schlatt's house.

Wilbur could hear Schlatt telling Techno to go, ushering his brother out of the house. Wilbur would figure out how to get all of his stuff later, he was too angry to even fathom going back to his house now.

A few minutes later Schlatt pushed open the door, sitting next to where Wilbur was on the bed. Wilbur turned to look at his best friend. Schlatt had access to the Dream SMP.

"You have to watch Tommy until I get there. You have to keep him safe. He'll get himself killed," Wilbur mumbled. Schlatt nodded.

-

When Wilbur made it to the SMP he was tackled the second he made it through the portal. It was Tommy, of course. His hair had grown longer, and he seemed to be getting taller.

"Wilbur! Big man! So nice of you to come for my birthday! Is Dad and Techno coming?" Tommy asked excitedly, peeking around Techno into the portal. Wilbur winced, he hated having to give Tommy the hints as to how shitty of a father Phil was.

"Nope, just me, Toms," Wilbur said, hugging his brother back. Behind him stood a man in a lime green hoodie with a smiley face on it, a white mask covering his face, mimicking the hoodie.

"You must be Dream, thank you for allowing me in. I really appreciate it," Wilbur said, detaching Tommy from him and shaking Dream's hand. Dream shook his hand back, but Wilbur was unable to read the man. He'd have to learn how to read more body language in order to understand Dream. Not being able to see his face was throwing Wilbur off.

"We only have a few rules, but Tommy can explain them to you. Him and I have been hanging out a lot since he got here, so I trust him to explain the rules to you," Dream explained. Wilbur nodded, looking down at Tommy. Tommy was beaming back at Dream, making Wilbur's heart twinge.

Wilbur was glad that Tommy had someone to look up to besides himself.

"And, the birthday festivities begin in about 2 hours. So go, get settled, decide where you want to live, then meet back at the community house. You don't turn 13 everyday," Dream said, ruffling Tommy's hair before turning and leaving. Tommy grumbled as he tried to fix his hair before snapping his attention back to Wilbur.

"You heard the man, Wilbur! Come on, come on, I'll show you my house, you can live there if you want—" and off Tommy went. Tommy excitedly tugged Wilbur along a wooden path, raniting off anything that came to his mind. It had been 7 months since the two had seen each other, Tommy had a lot to catch Wilbur up on.

-

Wilbur regretted starting Pogtopia. He didn't regret the bonding he was having with Tommy, or the cause they were fighting for. But, he did regret what he was doing to Tommy. He was 15 now, still shorter than Wilbur, but making a valiant effort to try and surpass him.

Tommy had grown skinnier since they had started their revolution, the two hadn't been able to grab much food in their haste to get out of L'Manburg. Tubbo had been bringing them as much food as he could, but it wasn't enough. Tommy had dark bags under his eyes, but his spirit was still fighting strong.

Wilbur was so so proud of his younger brother, he was fighting with his entire spirit. Despite his death, he was still fighting. Wilbur took a deep breath at the thought of Tommy's death. Tommy wouldn't let Wilbur say it out loud, but it constantly bounces around his head. He was the reason everyone was in the control room, he's the reason they all lost a life.

"Wil, be quiet, I can hear you thinking from here," Techno grumbled from his cot across from Wilbur. Wilbur rolled his eyes, turning away from Techno to the dirt walls that surrounded them.

Tommy had begged Wilbur to let Techno come to help them. No one in the server knew Techno was related to them, it would be the perfect surprise tactic. Wilbur hated the idea, he was still so upset at both Techno and Phil for how they treated both Wilbur and Tommy. But, Tommy was right, they needed backup and Techno was the perfect backup.

But, so help him Prime, if Techno does anything to hurt his younger brother, he would send Techno right back through that portal.

-

Wilbur was 19 when he saw his father for the first time in three years.

Wilbur was 19 when his father killed him.

Wilbur was 19, he thinks, when he took his second first breath. He didn't know where he was, he distantly knew who he was, and- was he see through?

Wilbur was 19 when he found out he was a ghost.

Wilbur was 20 when he watched his younger brother get exiled by his own best friend.

Wilbur was 20 when he watched his younger brother fade away in exile.

Wilbur was 21 when he watched his unfinished symphony get blown up, once again.

Wilbur was 21 when he took his third first breath.

"Wilbur! Wilbur, bud, can you hear me? Don't sit up yet!" He heard a voice say. Wilbur groaned, he did not enjoy the way he was being woken up. Wait-why would he be asleep? Ghosts don't sleep.

"What's going on?" Wilbur asked, the blurriness finally leaving his vision. He saw Phil leaning over him, Tubbo was next to him, and he was pretty sure he saw Dream as well.

"You're alive!" Tubbo explained. Wilbur groaned, his head hurt. There was no way he was actually alive, this was just some kind of fucked up flashback. But, the dryness in his mouth wasn't something a ghost experienced.

"I'm actually fucking alive aren't i?" Wilbur whispered. There was a chuckle from Phil. He eventually sat up, against the many words that came from Phil's mouth. He looked around the room, he was surrounded by wood, with George on a cot diagonal from him and Techno on a cot behind him.

Wilbur took a second to be confused about what happened, but all of his memories came rushing back into his head. He snapped his head towards Phil.

"What the absolute fuck is wrong with you?" Wilbur asked him. Phil looked taken back, surprised even.

“I gave you a chance, left you with Tommy after I died, and what did you do with that chance? Fucking ruined it! You just, once again, ran off with Techno! Then, when he’s in exile you had the audacity to visit him once! Then, better yet, you side with the dick that fucking abused him for months! What the fuck kind of father are you!” Wilbur seethed. Phil was frozen, eyes seeming slightly wet. Wilbur then looked to Dream.

Wilbur quickly stood up, crossing the room to get to Dream. He grabbed Dream by the collar of his stupid ass green hoddie and shoved him against the wall.

“And you, I have half the mind to fucking run you through with a sword right fucking here. You’re a fucking monster, he’s a fucking kid!” Wilbur yelled. Dream stayed silent. But, Wilbur was then pulled off of him.

“Willbur! Willbur! That wasn’t Dream! He was possessed!” Tubbo shouted as he struggled to hold Wilbur back. Wilbur took a second to process the words before looking down at Tubbo. The young president looked terrified. Then Wilbur realized he was acting as he had in Pogtopia. Wilbur took a deep breath before looking back to Dream.

“It really wasn’t you?” Wilbur asked. Dream shook his head.

“I have almost no memories from the past year or so. I’d apologize to Tommy if I could,” Dream said. Wilbur cocked his head.

“Why can’t you?” Wilbur asked. Dream looked behind Wilbur. There was then a hand on his shoulder, it was Phil’s hand.

“Wil, Tommy didn’t make it,” Phil said. Wilbur’s jaw clenched. Of course, the youngest of them was the casualty of war. Wilbur turned to look at his father.

“Where is he buried?” Wilbur asked. Phil nodded towards the door, and Wilbur followed after him. They walked in silence for a few minutes until they made it to a meadow, there was a single gravestone there. Wilbur’s eyes filled with tears.

“I’m sorry for how I treated you and Tommy growing up. There’s no excuse for it, so I won’t make one. If you let me, I’ll work at being better and at earning your forgiveness,” Phil said before leaving Wilbur with Tommy.

Wilbur stood silent for a minute before sitting down across from his grave.

When Techno woke up, the first place Wilbur took him was Tommy’s grave. He still hadn’t fully forgiven Techno either, but he understood you become the way you are because of how you’re raised. Wilbur had never seen Techno cry, his brother had been bonded to the Blood God for so long that Techno never got to truly experience emotions.

Techno broke down sobbing at Tommy’s grave, blabbering words of remorse, how the Blood God had taken over him, he hadn’t wanted to blow up Tommy’s home, but he couldn’t stop himself.

Wilbur felt bad for his brother, he had such a rough go at life. And now there was this. Wilbur just stared at Tommy’s grave. He had already memorized every detail of the grave, down to noticing there was a new speck of dirt along the bottom of the grave.

It would be difficult for the small family but they would get through it.

Wilbur sat at Tommy's grave at least once a week. He understood that lingering for too long after a death isn't healthy, but he had a feeling that four years was already too long, so there is no reason to stop now.

He had nearly fallen asleep in the grass next to the grave when he was woken up.

"Wilbur! Wilbur c'mon we're going to the village wake up," Tubbo complained in his ear. Wilbur had half the mind to take a jab at the 20 year old.

"You really can't go without me?" Wilbur asked. Tubbo shook his head. Wilbur gave a deep sigh before sitting up. The village was a pretty good distance away from the camp that the group had set up. Wilbur assumed that they'd be pearling there or use the nether network.

"Okay, let's go," Wilbur said as he heaved himself off the ground.

The two walked with minimal discussion between them. There wasn't any animosity or anything, there just wasn't much to talk about. No wars, no pranks, nothing really of any significance to discuss. It was a nice silence.

Eventually after a short journey through the nether they reached the small village. The village was normally bursting with noise this time of year, it was the summer solstice after all. But, when they stepped out of the portal they were met with silence. The streets were empty, all the stalls vacated. It looked as if people were going about their daily life and suddenly vanished from thin air.

Tubbo and Wilbur shared a strange look before going to walk through the village. They eventually reached the center of the village, looking around to see any semblance of life.

"Wilbur! Tubbo! Get inside!" A voice whispered. The boys looked back to where the voice came from, seeing a head poking through an open door. It was their friend, Jai, they often bought items off of him when they came.

"Why?" Tubbo asked. Jai rolled his eyes and dashed outside to grab them.

"Whoa whoa whoa, what do you think you're doing?" A voice asked from above them. A figure jumped off the roof, landing in front of the three. Five more landed behind him, several more surrounding them from the back. Wilbur now understood why everyone was inside.

"Sorry! They're not from around here! I was just trying to bring them inside, I truly apologize, just let me bring them into my family's house!" Jai pleaded with them. The man gave a deep chuckle and grabbed Jai by the neck, pulling him close to the man. Wilbur went to step toward the man, only to be stopped by Tubbo.

Wilbur sighed, looking back at Tubbo, Tubbo just shook his head, silently begging not to start a fight.

"Well someone, has to pay. There are clear rules for when we're here. You stay inside. Wouldn't have thought I'd have to teach another member of the Brooks family this rule," The man tutted, tracing a knife back and forth across Jai's neck. Jai stayed silent.

Wilbur went, once again, to step up against the man, but was interrupted.

A man with large black wings landed in front of Wilbur and Tubbo. He had a sword in his hand, pulsating purple with the obvious enchantment placed on it. Jai seemed to gasp at the figure.

"Let him go, or face the consequences," a voice called. Wilbur's ears perked up, he recognized that

voice. It was deeper, but he knew the voice.

“And who are you to tell me what to do?” The man taunted back. The figure tensed up before turning to the left and swiping his sword through a man's throat, beheading him. Tubbo stepped closer to Wilbur.

“I'll repeat myself, let him go, leave the village, or I'll kill all of you.”

The man seemed to be sizing up the winged man before letting Jai go. The winged man grabbed Jai and shoved him behind him, back towards Wilbur and Tubbo.

“Who is that?” Wilbur asked him. Jai looked at him, rubbing his neck.

“The Blood God,” Jai whispered. Wilbur felt his heart drop, there was no way.

Just as the thugs went to walk away, the main one turned back around, aiming an arrow at the man. Before the arrow could even leave the bow a sword went through his chest. Instantly, the man attacked all the thugs that surrounded Wilbur, Tubbo, and Jai. He weaved through the men with expertise, not giving the men any chance to fight back.

After a short lived fight, all the men fell, leaving just the Blood God standing, his back facing the trio. He seemed to take a deep breath before facing them, and all the air left Wilbur's lungs.

“Tommy?” Tubbo whispered. Tommy's eyes flickered to Tubbo before going back to Jai.

“They shouldn't both you know, if anyone does, you know where I am,” Tommy said to him. Jai nodded.

“Thank you,” Jai whispered. Tommy nodded, looking to Wilbur and Tubbo briefly before taking off to the sky.

“Tommy!” Wilbur called out, desperately wishing he had inherited the wings his father possessed.

“Tommy's alive?” Tubbo asked, looking at Wilbur in a state of shock. Wilbur nodded, though dumbfounded himself, he then turned to Jai.

“How long have you known him?” Wilbur asked.

“He's been protecting this village for about two years. In return every so often we'll send one of our criminals to him to kill, to fulfill his urges for blood,” Jai explained. Wilbur nodded, trying to process the information. How had his little brother become the Blood God?

“C'mon Tubbo, we have to go,” Wilbur stated, grabbing Tubbo's arm and heading towards the portal. The two made their way through the nether in a haste, but hurrying to tell their friends what they had seen.

They quickly arrived back home, immediately running into Dream and ordering him to gather everyone in the community house.

Soon enough, everyone was there. Phil was looking at the two boys as if they had grown two heads.

“Why'd you have to gather us so fast?” Quackity asked, seemingly annoyed. Wilbur took a deep breath, looking at Tubbo before back at everyone.

“Tommy's alive.”

Chapter End Notes

oooooooooo fun times!!!!

kudos, comments, and such make my day!

twenty bucks to anyone who can guess who the character Jai is in real life

Chapter Notes

tw for poison

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Oh my god, chat shut the fuck up!” Tommy yelled in frustration as his axe made contact with another tree, finally collecting the wood from it. Ever since he had gone to the village and saw Wilbur and Tubbo the voices hadn’t shut up.

Most of them were begging for him to turn around, go back and talk to his brother and former best friend. Pleading to let them into his new life, but Tommy couldn’t let the voices have their way. It was too dangerous for them. Tommy and the Blood God had only been merged for 4 years, occasionally he still lost control. He couldn’t risk them.

But Tommy, the voices would protest, you trust us with the little ones. And yes, that was true, but the little ones had never done anything wrong to Tommy, the voices would never call for their blood.

But, Wilbur had destroyed him mentally while in Pogtopia, Tubbo exiled him, and Tommy guessed that they still lived with everyone in the SMP, and there was no way the voices would let him anywhere near Dream.

Tommy sighed, deciding that he had gathered enough wood, he had only needed some for some firewood, but his frustration had taken over and he had nearly cleared a good $\frac{1}{3}$ of the forest. He turned around and went back to the house he had built. He found it very similar to the childhood home that Phil had built them when Tommy first joined the family.

Now that Tommy was thinking about it, he had grown up to be very similar to Phil. He had his wings, which grew in shortly after him and the Blood God merged, his hair was now long and blonde, but he kept it tied behind him in a pony-tail, then of course, the most obvious attribute that they both carry-

“Dad! Dad! C’mon you’ve gotta see this!” A little voice yelled out, stumbling over his words. Tommy smiled, watching his youngest come running up to him. Tommy laughed as he scooped him up into his arms.

“What could you possibly have to show me, Zion,” Tommy asked, trying to look into the house, praying nothing was on fire. He saw his other two boys peeking out, mischief practically pulsating in their eyes. Tommy raised an eyebrow, if these three had worked together on something, Tommy was definitely screwed.

“Put Zion down! It’ll ruin the surprise,” Nico said. Nico was the middle child, and he distantly looked like he could be the youngest. Tommy then heard a snicker and saw the oldest, Bronx, leaning against the door frame. He looked cocky (he looked like Techno), as if he knew that Tommy was about to lose his mind over what the two were about to show him.

Tommy let Zion down, watching as he ran through the house. Nico stepped to the side and so did

Bronx, motioning for Tommy to walk through the door. Tommy sighed, and walked through the door, trying to ignore the way the chat was hysterically laughing at him. How did they even know what was about to happen? If Tommy and them were one, why the fuck do they know what's about to happen?

As Tommy was lost in his own thoughts he took a step forward, and heard the tell tale sound of a mechanism going off. Tommy held back a groan, and let himself get scooped up by a net that came from the floor. Tommy stayed silent, giving a playful glare at his kids as they were laughing at him.

“Is this what you three have been doing all day? Keeping ready to trap the man who feeds, protects, and loves you?” Tommy asked, feigning that his feelings were actually hurt. That just caused Bronx and Nico to laugh even harder, but Zion paused.

“Did we really hurt your feelings dad?” Zion asked, lower lip slightly wobbling and his eyes becoming wet. Tommy made eye contact with Bronx, who then let him out of the net. He quickly went over to Zion, kneeling down so he was eye level with his child.

“Not at all Zion, it was just a joke. I’m actually extremely proud of the fact that you three were able to make this. It’s an amazing idea for when I’m not here. That way I know you all are safe when I’m out doing the chores. I’m very proud of all three of you,” Tommy told him. Zion’s entire face broke into a smile, and out of the corner of his eyes he saw Bronx and Nico smile as well.

“Okay, now, go wash up and I’ll start dinner,” Tommy said, patting his back in an attempt to get him moving. All three boys nodded and were off to the upstairs to wash their hands.

Tommy chuckled, picking up the net and leaving the contraption unlocked so no one was swept up into a net while walking for a midnight snack. Tommy hummed a tune as he quickly whipped together some soup, and now that he was thinking about it Bronx’s birthday next week, he’d have to travel back to the village to get him something special.

But, now he didn’t want to go to the village. Wilbur and Tubbo could be there, or god forbid Techno, Dream, or any of them. He had no clue that they had used this village as well. Tommy had half the mind to pick up the boys and move far far away and just find another village. But, he couldn’t do that to the people of that village. He had sworn to protect them, he couldn’t just abandon them. Tommy knew what it felt like to be abandoned, he absolutely refused to do that to anyone.

If he saw any of them he’d just do what he did today, he’d ignore them. Although looking at Tubbo had hurt. Tubbo and him had always talked about growing up together. Seeing who could grow a beard first, who got married first, who had kids first. Tommy was glad he had at least won one of those, by three times over.

But, Wilbur was there. He’d recognize his brother anywhere. He remembered the days before Doomsday where Phil was talking about bringing Wilbur back, but Tommy had thought it was just a fantasy. People couldn’t come back from the dead, but that was definitely his brother standing with Tubbo. His hair had been shorter than the last time he saw him, but he knew his brother. Tommy sighed, leaning down to put his head in his hands, the voices were having a field day with this situation.

Tommy would give anything to go back to when he had died and tell the Blood God no. The first year or so that they were mended, Tommy had absolutely no control over himself. Anyone he saw was in danger, so he took to the mountains. He hid in a cave, only coming out for food and to kill whatever poor soul had decided to journey through the mountains that day.

But, two years after living in the cave, he had met Bronx. It had been the middle of the night, it was pouring rain outside. Tommy had fallen asleep a few hours after the sunset, but was awoken probably near midnight. He woke up with a start, nightmares still plaguing his sleep. But, when he went to get up, he found there was a new weight on his right side. Tommy looked and saw a little boy curled into his side. And for the first time since they had merged, the voices went quiet.

The bloodthirsty voices had changed from demanding blood from any human that was in his sight, to preaching how they needed to protect this child, to train him, to raise him, so that's what he did. About two months after Bronx had come to him, Nico showed up. He had been skipping rocks in the river when one had hit Tommy. The poor boy looked terrified, but Tommy simply smiled at him, asked if he had parents, and when he said no, Bronx and Tommy added another member to their family.

Bronx was responsible for the last addition, Tommy had sent him out to the woods to collect some blue flowers so they could die a new comforter for him. But, he had been gone for longer than usual, and he was only 7, so Tommy went out to get him. He found Bronx sitting against a tree, a small baby in his arms.

That was when Tommy had decided they needed a house, instead of living in a cave in the mountains. So, the small family packed up, and moved to the woods. Tommy had the house built in less than two days, thanks to the powers the Blood God gave him. Now, here they were, Bronx was turning 10, Nico 7, and Zion 5.

So, he guesses that this isn't all bad, these kids would probably be dead if Tommy hadn't done what he did.

"Dad?" Bronx asked, coming up next to his father. Tommy jumped up, looking down at Bronx.

"What's up?" Tommy asked, taking the soup off the stove.

"What happened at the village today?" He asked. Tommy sighed, chuckling a bit. Leave it to his oldest to always know when something had gone wrong. Tommy was frequently honest with his oldest, not wanting him to live in the dark about the real world.

"I saw my brother and my friend today at the village. I haven't seen either of them in four years, and last I saw them they thought I died," Tommy told him. Bronx nodded.

"You did die, right?" Bronx asked as he set the table. Tommy nodded.

"It was supposed to be my permadeath, but me and the Blood God made an agreement and I came back," Tommy explained. Bronx smiled.

"I'm glad you're alive Dad," Bronx said, coming up to hug him. Tommy smiled, hugging his son.

"Dad! Dad!" Nico yelled as he came flying around the corner into the kitchen. Tommy's head snapped up, sensing the panic in his voice.

"What's wrong, Nico? Are you okay?" Tommy asked, holding onto Nico's shoulders. Nico had tears streaming down his face, nearly hyperventilating himself.

"It's Zion! He accidentally pricked the poison arrow in your room!" Nico said, sobs breaking through his sentence. Tommy's heart dropped, and the voices started screaming in panic. Tommy told his boys to never go in his room, they knew not to go in his room, why had they gone in his room?

“Dad!” Bronx yelled. Tommy snapped out of his thoughts, looking to his oldest. Tommy nodded, silently thanking him before bounding upstairs to his room. He ran in and saw Zion, green, and laying on the floor. Tommy rushed to the ground, scooping him up in his arms. He pressed his fingers into Zion’s neck, desperately feeling for a pulse. There was one, but it was faint and inconsistent.

“Fuck,” Tommy muttered. He didn’t have any healing potions, the last one having been used when Nico’s wings grew in and he attempted to fly down the mountain. Tommy ran through everything he could do in his head, but he knew someone who knew the in’s and out’s of poison better than everyone.

“Bronx, Nico, go get your coats on and grab some pearls, we’re taking a trip,” Tommy commanded. The boys nodded, running to their separate rooms to do what Tommy said. Tommy set Zion down on his bed, running to his ender chest. He opened it and looked for the purple pulsating compass. After digging around, he finally found it. The compass engraved “Your Tubbo”.

Wherever Tubbo was, Phil would be too, he was sure of it. He put it around his neck and told the voices to tell him which way the compass was pointing. Finally, he grabbed a sword, attaching it to his belt before picking Zion up, and going into the hallway.

Bronx and Nico were waiting for him.

“Where are we going dad? Is Zion going to be okay?” Nico asked. Tommy sighed, willing the tears out of his eyes.

“We’re going to my dad, and yes he’ll be fine. Bronx, get on my back, Nico, get on his back,” Tommy commanded. The boys nodded, following directions. Tommy looked down at the compass, and took off into the sky.

Tommy flew as fast as his wings would allow, while being careful to not lose the two on his back. After about 5 minutes the voices were screaming at him to stop. Tommy stopped flying forward, talking to just hover in the sky. He looked down and saw a village, and saw the tell tale signs of his family being there. A bee farm.

He went down to the ground, looking around desperately to see where everyone was. Finally, he saw a big house, the new community house he assumed. He went running towards it, Bronx and Nico following. He threw open the doors, confirming that this was where everyone was.

Everyone gasped as they turned around to look at him, gasps ringing out across the room. He looked through the crowd until he found the wings, the wings the two shared.

“Dad! That man has your wings!” Bronx said. Tommy nodded, and watched as Phil stood up, eyes glued onto the child he was holding in his arms. Phil then looked back at Tommy.

“He got pricked by a poison arrow, I-I don’t know what to do,” Tommy said. Phil nodded, coming up to stand in front of Tommy, he held his arms out, giving Tommy the option to hand him Zion or not. Tommy sighed, handing his youngest over.

Phil went running out, Tommy turning in place to track him, but found he couldn’t move.

“Tommy?” Tommy whipped back around, seeing Techno and Wilbur standing there. Tommy sighed, looking at the two boys before back at his brothers.

“Hey guys.”

Chapter End Notes

dad tommy!!!

Chapter Notes

hey besties. so sorry for how long this took, i genuinely could not figure out what to write next.

but, i've got a good idea where it's going now, so it hopefully won't be a month between updates.

enjoy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil looked down nervously at the young child laying in front of him. It was one thing for his youngest to show up suddenly with three children, but for this youngest to show up with one of those children poisoned was a whole different ball game.

He looked at the healing potion, sent a quick prayer hoping that the child wasn't of the ender, and doused the wound with it. Before long, the boy's color came back, and his eyes opened.

"Dad?" The boy whispered. Phil's face went red at the implication, but his chest swelled with pride. Tommy always had looked the most like him, and when Phil watched Tommy burst through the doors of their community house Phil had half the mind to think it was a younger version of himself.

"No, I'm your dad's father. My name's Phil," Phil said softly, as he helped the young boy sit up. The boy's eyes widened and he smiled.

"Dad told us so many cool stories about you! Is it true you're immortal? Did you really kill Uncle Wilbur? Do your wings puff up when you're angry like dad's do?" The boy immediately spouted out. Phil laughed as the child continued to verbally attack Phil with questions. All of them Phil was very happy to answer.

Except the one about Wilbur, he strategically distracted the boy with his wings when he pushed the issue.

"Okay bud, calm down. We've got time for the rest of your questions. Besides, I don't even know your name yet!" Phil said. The boy paused.

"My name's Zion!" He said excitedly. Phil nodded and sat back in his chair.

"Nice to meet you Zion, if you don't mind, could I ask a few questions about your dad? I haven't seen him in quite some time," Phil asked. Zion nodded excitedly.

"Where do you all live?" Phil asked.

"We live up in the mountains! Well, not in a mountain like Bronx said we used to, but we're surrounded by mountains and a forest! Dad said he picked the area because it's safe. He also likes being in the forest because whenever the voices get too loud he can just go out and chop some trees," Zion said, rambling a bit. Phil paused at the mention of the voices.

"What do you mean voices, Zion?" Phil asked. Zion stopped talking, looking at Phil wearily.

“Dad said I’m not supposed to tell people, or we’ll have to move. He said it’s dangerous for other people to know,” Zion mumbled, looking down at his feet. The two sat in silence before Zion spoke up again.

“Why haven’t you seen dad in a while? You’re his dad! You’re always supposed to be with him, to protect him! Dad says that all the time, that he’d never leave us and would always protect us!” Zion said, a smile taking over his entire face.

Phil wasn’t sure how to answer, luckily, he wouldn’t have to.

“Zion!” Tommy called out as the door’s to their small infirmary flew open. Zion called out for his father and went running into his arms.

“Thank ender you’re okay,” Tommy mumbled as he hugged his son. Phil stood up, unsure of what to do now.

“Guy who I’m assuming is our Grandpa, can you fix Dad’s wing? It’s been injured for a long time but he won’t let me touch it and he can’t reach it,” another boy said as he walked up to Phil. This one was taller than Zion by a good deal, and he had small horns beginning to grow from his head.

“Bronx, shhhh, dad said he didn’t want help with his wing!” A third said, hitting Bronx in the face with his own small wing. Phil hummed, he must be some sort of finch hybrid with how early his wings had come in.

Phil looked back at Tommy, whose face was beet red.

“It’s not even that bad, you’re just overdramatic,” Tommy mumbled at his oldest. The one with wings snickered at his father.

“If you want Toms, we can show them around while Phil looks at it,” Wilbur said from outside the door. Tommy looked back, an unreadable look on his face. Phil had the feeling Tommy wasn’t completely sure if he was imagining Wilbur or not.

“We?” Tommy asked. Phil watched as Techno took a step forward, making himself visible to Tommy. Tommy’s entire body tensed, he was uncomfortable around Techno.

“I’d love to come too,” Tubbo said as he fully stepped into the infirmary. Phil then watched as Bronx’s eyes widened, glued onto Tubbo’s horns.

“Dad! Look, he has horns like me!” Bronx said excitedly, pointing at Tubbo’s head. Tommy chuckled, looked at the three, then sighed.

“Okay, but be back once the sun starts to rise okay?” Tommy said as he stood up, letting Zion run up to Technoblade. Techno looked shocked as Zion immediately started asking him questions about what he was wearing.

Soon enough the group of six was off, leaving Tommy and Phil alone in the room. The two stared at each other in an awkward and heavy silence. What do you say to a son you thought you had killed?

“If you’re going to try and apologize, don’t bother, I don’t much care to hear it,” Tommy said as he sat down, spreading his wings for Phil to examine. Phil nodded.

“I wasn’t going to,” Phil explained as he took the right wing into his hand, combing through the feathers. It was obvious Tommy hadn’t been taking care of his wings. Another one of Phil’s

failures as a parent.

“But, if it makes you feel better. When we brought Wil back, he chewed me out for hours about how I treated you. And it took a good year for him and I to get back to even a semblance of the relationship we once had. Taught me my lesson,” Phil said, mumbling the last bit. He watched through Tommy’s body posture as he processed the information. Tensing, untensing, shaking with a tiny chuckle.

“Right on him. How’d you get him back?” Tommy asked softly.

“We discovered the magic behind a totem, messed with a few components, then just waltzed into the underworld and brought him back,” Phil explained as he finally found the wound on Tommy’s wing. Phil had no clue how he had even been flying on this wing.

“And it’s Wilbur? It’s not whoever was in Pogtopia?” Tommy asked, a hopeful tint to his voice. Phil nodded.

“It’s Wilbur.”

Phil continued to preen Tommy’s wing and heal his wound in silence. It was a better silence than before though, a more comfortable silence. But, what Zion said earlier kept picking at his mind.

“You can’t get mad at Zion for this, he told me nothing else. But, now that he told me I need to know,” Phil said, moving to the other wing. He felt Tommy tense, his wing twitching a little.

“He said something about voices, and them being the reason you lived away from people?”

Tommy sighed, his entire body sagging.

“During Doomsday, I uh, well I died. But, when I was down there I woke up, and there was a lad in a suit talking a bunch of nonsense, introduced himself as the Blood God. He gave me an offer, we combine and I can come back to life, or I stay dead and he goes and finds someone else. I wasn’t ready to die yet, so I took his offer. The first few years with him, the voices were overwhelming, anyone I came across died. So, I moved to the mountains, then the boys came along, the voices like them, but I still lose control sometimes. Figured the farther away from people the better,” Tommy explained, playing with a small dagger.

Phil nodded. “Techno really appreciates that, he’s been able to enjoy life much more without that burden.”

“Didn’t do it for him,” Tommy said harshly, before bringing a hand to his temple. Phil had lived with Techno long enough to know what it looked like when one got overwhelmed by the voices.

Phil sighed, dropping the left wing.

“I know you don’t want an apology. But, I need to give one. Tommy, I’m-”

Tommy immediately sprang to his feet, whipping around to face Phil.

“No! No! You don’t need to do shit! The shit you’ve done to me can’t be fixed with an apology. You barely fucking raised me, leaving that job to Wilbur, who was way better a father to me than you ever could have been, by the way. And what were you doing that was so important that you had to give me to Wilbur? Adventuring with Technoblade, the man who can do no wrong. Then, when you come into the server after not seeing me or Wilbur in five years, the first thing you do is fucking kill him!” Tommy raged. Phil went to defend himself, to say Wilbur asked him to kill him.

“And don’t even give me the bullshit that he asked you too! You know what you do when your son asks you to kill him? You fucking say no! Then, after you took away the person I was closest to, you fuck off with Techno AGAIN! You leave me to be abused, manipulated, and exiled. Then, to top it all off, you and Techno team up to kill me. What kind of fucking parenting class did you go to? I’d love to know the one where it teaches you to kill off the children you don’t like!” Tommy yelled, pacing back and forth.

Phil struggled for words, trying to say he and Techno hadn’t meant for Tommy to die. Trying to explain he hadn’t known about Dream, that if he had known about Dream he would’ve killed the man right there and then. That when Wilbur had told all of them what the demon possessing Dream had done to Tommy, that Phil had seen red, almost killing Dream in a blind rage.

“So no Phil, I won’t be taking any stupid pitiful apology you try to give me. You know why? Because unlike you, I’m trying to be a good example for my kids. And I taught my kids that you don’t have to accept apologies from people who have hurt you. That you’re allowed to be angry when they hurt you time and time again. So kindly, actually no, not kindly. Fuck off Phil, I don’t want you anywhere near my kids, and tell Techno the same. We’re leaving at sundown.”

Tommy then stormed out of the infirmary, leaving Phil to stand alone, wondering when he had decided to not care for his children.

Chapter End Notes

go OFF tommy

(kudos and comments makes the writers day!)

End Notes

i genuinely can't stop writing new au's, my bad

if you wanna see the tumblr post that started this all:

<https://tommyinnitapologist.tumblr.com/post/640258394159284225/blood-god-tommy-au>

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comments make my day!!

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